

New
Shilling
Books.

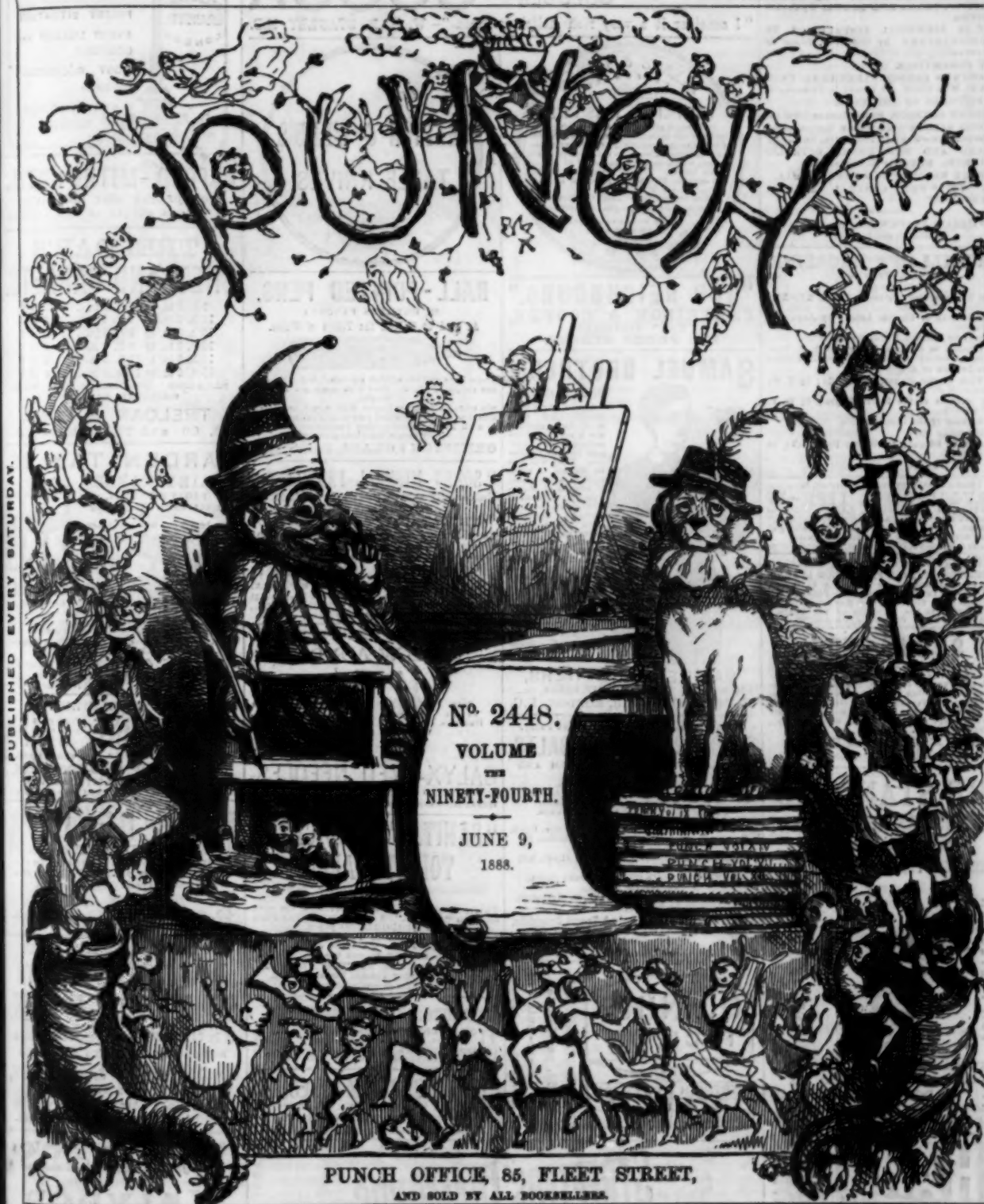
Robert. SECOND
SERIES.

CHARLES KEENE'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

Burglar Bill.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VICE VERSA."

[Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Rouverie St., E.C.



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Apollinaris

"Securus judicat orbis
terrarum."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 572.—JUNE 1888.—2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.
A STIFF-WICKED GENERATION. CHAPS. X.—XIII.
AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC; TONGA AND SAMOA. By GEORGE TROTTER.
WHAT IS TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION IN AGRICULTURE? By Colonel T. INNES of LEANEST.
MARY SOMERVILLE.
THE SUNKEN FRENCH FLEET AT AROUKIR BAY. With Chart. By HENRY G. FITZGERALD.
THE PICTURES OF THE YEAR.
TYROLEAN SONNETS. By the EARL of ROSELTH.
THE OLD SALOON.—SIR HENRY TAYLOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.—PARTIAL PORTRAITS, &c.
IRELAND AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. By PHILIP H. BARRIS.
MILITARY BALANCE OF POWER IN ASIA.
NOTE TO "THE CENTRAL AFRICAN QUESTION."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, Edinburgh and London.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE. Price 1s.

- CONTENTS.**
1. The Reverberator; by Henry James. XI.—XII. (To be continued).
2. The Letters of Charles Lamb; by Augustine Birrell.
3. Capri; by William Wordsworth.
4. A Message to National Unity; by R. H. Wile (late Attorney-General of New South Wales).
5. Two Schools of Art.
6. A Visit to the Monastery of Eile; by T. W. Lough, M.P.
7. The Alameda of the Sierra Negro; by W. F. Kibb.
8. A Brother of the Common Life.
9. After Many Days.
10. Gaston de Latour; by Walter Pater. (To be continued.)

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

Third Edition, revised, with Index, &c.
STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.—By WILLIAM KNIGHTON, LL.D. "One of those books that we should expect to find popular."—ACADEMY. "The work is a library in itself, and its value beyond all price."—CHRISTIAN UNION. WILLIAMS & SON, 10, Henrietta St., Covent Garden.

THE INSURANCE POLICY.—HOLDERS' MUTUAL PROTECTION LEAGUE. Ld. Every insurance policy, or intending to insure, should read the League's publication, **PROFIT OR FLUNDER?** &c. To be had post free for sixpence, on application to the Secretary of the League, & Warwick Court, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

SUNDAY TIMES says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system." Book (116 pages) with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure Gouty (average reduction in first week is 5 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Wolven House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Accumulated Fund, 6½ Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION



& INVESTMENT

EDINBURGH, 8 George St. (Head Office)
LONDON, 68 King William Street, E.C.
" 8 Pall Mall East, S.W.
DUBLIN, 68 Upper Sackville Street.
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies.

SHANNON LETTER FILING CABINET

SHIP-INDEXING, RAPID, SECURE.
Illustrated Catalogue and Price List by
SHANNON FILE CO., Ltd.,
2, FINSBURY ST., LONDON, E.C.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

"I consider it a very rich delicious Cocoa."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.



"OUR NEIGHBOURS." PARTRIDGE & COOPER, "THE" STATIONERS, 192, FLEET STREET.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.



SAMUEL BROTHERS, MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c., 65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

A Sea Bath in Your Own Room for One Penny.
STODDART'S SEA SALTS.

INVALUABLE FOR RHEUMATISM AND WRAK JOINTS.

Established nearly Forty Years.
Sold in 6d. 2 lb. in 3d. 7 lb. 2s. 14 lb. Boxes;
4s. 28 lb., 6s. 56 lb., and 12s. 112 lb. Bags.
Full directions for Use on each Package.

Analyzed and approved of by
ARTHUR H. HARRALL, M.D., & OTTO HENNER, F.R.S.
Sold by Chemists, Patent Medicine Dealers, &c.

Wholesale London Agents:
BARCLAY & SONS, 25, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Liverpool Agents:
AYRTON & SAUNDERS, 149, Duke Street.

Manchester Agents:
JAMES WOOLLEY, SONS & CO., 26, Market St.

Proprietors:
A. & J. WARREN, Wholesale & Export Druggists,
Importers of finest Olive Oil. Licensed Makers of
Methylated Spirit,
25 & 26, REDCLIFF STREET, BRISTOL.

QUININE PICK UP

GIVES
STRENGTH ENERGY
HEALTH LIFE

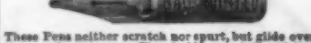
GRAT HEALTH RESTORER.
9s. 6d. per Bottle.
Also "Kure-Gale," of
F. NEWBURY & SONS, London.



BALL-POINTED PENS.

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

As used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



These Pens neither scratch nor spurt, but glide over the roughest paper. They hold more ink and last longer.
Six sorts, suitable for ledger, bold, rapid, or professional writing. Assorted Box of 25 Pens for 1s. 6d. or with Ebony Anti-Blotting Penholder, for 1s. 6d. Post Free of all Stationers, or
ORMISTON & GLASS, Edinburgh.

"SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES."

Universally acknowledged the best remedy for affections of the
THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS.
They are specially recommended by our greatest Medical Authority,

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, whose testimonial is affixed to each box. Of all Chemists at 1s. 1½d., or Post Free for 12 stamps, of **SODEN MINERAL PRODUCE CO., DYER'S BUILDINGS, HOLBORN, LONDON.**

THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN NEEDLES. MILWARDS'



CALYX-EYED NEEDLES. THREAD WITHOUT THREADING.

HENRY MILWARD & SONS, Washford Mills, Redditch.

"SANITAS" MEDICATED TOILET PAPER.

(Manufactured under license of the "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.)

EMITTING, ON CONTACT WITH WATER, A PLEASANT odour of "SANITAS." A Perfect DISINFECTING and DEODORIZING paper.

Retail, in per packet or roll, of all Chemists, Stationers, Stores, &c. Wholesale of **BARCLAY, NEWBURY, EDWARDS,** and the usual Houses.

Sole Proprietors, **THE HYGIENIC PAPER CO., 3, QUEENHILL, Upper Thames Street, London.** Sample packet or roll, post free, 1s. 6d.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.

HOW TO OPEN REMUNERATIVELY from any amount however small or large. Illustrated Catalogue (post free). **LESLIE FRIDLANDER, 2, Houndsditch, London.** Established 60 years.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, AND INDIGESTION.
180, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

GRAND HOTEL



OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

TRELOAR'S SHETLAND CARPETS.

9 ft. 0 in. by 7 ft. 6 in.	.. £1 10 0
10 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	.. 2 7 6
12 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	.. 2 17 0
13 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	.. 3 2 6
12 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in.	.. 3 15 6
15 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in.	.. 4 15 0

SEAMLESS, HORDERED, ALL WOOL ORIENTAL PATTERNS.

TRELOAR & SONS, 69, 69, and 70, Ludgate Hill.

GARDEN TABLES. "FAIRY TABLE"

PAGET'S PATENT. Light to Carry. Very Strong. Elegant. Can be left out without injury.



Price 6/- With Side Flaps, 11/- each.
"FAIRY TRAY-TABLE" will hold Tea Service, &c., for 2 persons, and is as light as a tray. Price 10/- With side Flaps, 14/- each.

Light Wood Varnished and Walnut-stain Varnished in Stock. Co ours to order.

A. PAGET & CO., Loughborough. Makers of PORTABLE-EASY GARDEN SEAT and FOOT-PUMP GARDEN ENGINE.

THE PURE WHITE "GLYCERINE SOAP"

Softens and Preserves the Skin and Complexion.

WHITAKER & GROSSMITH, 22, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

Is 6d. Box of 2, at Chemists and Grocers, or direct.

FLOR DE JAVA MILD INDIAN CIGARS

of an exquisitely choice flavour and delicate scent. 22s., 20s., and 12s. per Box of 100, Post Free. Samples, 4 and 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

BEWLAY & CO., 49, Strand, and 143, Cheapside. (Agents for Great Britain.)

TO SAVE THE TEETH, USE DAILY THOMPSON & CAPPER'S DENTIFRICE WATER.

Is 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. bottles.

BEWARE OF INJURIOUS IMITATIONS.

THOMPSON & CAPPER, CHEMISTS,

55, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 51, Piccadilly, Manchester.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Cools and refreshes the Face during Hot Weather, prevents and removes Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, soothes it, stings and all irritations, and produces a soft, fair, and delicate skin. Bottles, 4s. 6d.; half bottles, 2s. 6d. Ask Chemists for ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, of 19, Mark Lane, London.

STREETERS' DIAMONDS

MOUNTED from £5 to £5,000
18 NEW BOND ST., W.



"LE GRAND PRIX."

RARE AVES.

(Poetry by Popjoy.)

WHEN I was a youngster, the finest of fun
Was to roam fields and meadows and lanes with my gun,
Knocking over cock-robins and potting tomits,
Blowing thrushes and blackbirds and linnets to bits.

But at birds somewhat bigger I now have a slap,
Pigeon-shooting at blue-rocks let loose from a trap;
'Tis a pastime wherein a resource may be found,
Sport in season at any time, all the year round.

Birds of passage, rare strangers that visit our shore,
Wheresoever I find them I pop at and floor,
Hang the Wild Birds Protection Act—that I defy!
At as many as come in my way I've a shy.

Golden Oriole, Ring Ouzel, and Hoopoe to bag
Are exploits and achievements I boast of and brag.
If a Short-toed Lark ever should light on his way
Close enough, dead he drops, to my choke-bore a prey.

O St. James, at that Cormorant, come to thy Park,
Had I only a chance, 'twould have been a rare lark,
So to speak without making a bit of a bull,
With sure aim, on the perch to have taken a pull!

And the grand Golden Eagle in Kent lately seen,
What a triumph to pepper—for sharpshooter keen,
Famous feat, from the clouds, crack, with rifle to bring
Down the soaring, scarce visitant, splendid Bird-King!

OBVIOUS ERRATUM.—At a political meeting, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON delivered a statement of the amount which the Government intended to expend annually in strengthening the Navy:—

"This, he maintained, would keep us abreast of foreign nations."

Has not a word been misreported in the above quotation? "Abreast?" Surely what the noble Lord really did say must have been "Ahead."

RECREATION GONE WRONG.

(An Advertisement for the Censor.)

HARROWING ATTRACTION.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT.—This unique and ghastly feat already witnessed with creeping awe by upwards of 200,000 shuddering people, will be repeated (the Authorities in the meantime not intervening) again to-morrow afternoon, when the Champion Aeronaut will make his daring ascent hanging on to a wire suspended from the balloon by his eyelids.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT, appealing as it does to the most brutal, degraded, and savage instincts of a large portion of the sight-seeing classes of the British Public, is considered a fitting and attractive item in the programme of a great popular entertainment.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT presents the unquestionable advantage of placing the life of the performer in absolute and terrible jeopardy.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT may furnish the on-looking public at any moment with the spectacle of an indescribably appalling and horrible death.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT is made without the slightest provision for any misadventure or accident.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT involves the performer, who loses nerve for a single moment, in utter destruction.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT is the result of the competition of poor creatures anxious to create a sensation at any risk, and enabled to do it through the absence of any paternal legislation protecting them from the consequences of their headlong temerity.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT will probably, if allowed to continue with impunity, terminate in the dashing to pieces, under circumstances too hideous to contemplate, of a living human being.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT should, therefore, engage the attention of the Home Secretary—and the sooner the better.

"GOOD OLD GRACE!"

[Playing for the Gentlemen against the Australians last week, Mr. W. G. GRACE scored an innings of 165 runs. Later in the week the Players of England beat the Australians by 10 wickets.]

BRAVO, W. G.! 'Tis a very prompt answer

To *Punch's* appeal of last week.

One hundred and sixty-five runs! That's the plan, Sir!

The moral is not far to seek.

You've scored off of TURNER and FERRIS like winking,

At *Punch's* especial desire;

And now there should be no more funkering or shrinking,

Or failing in coolness or fire.

When that pair of smart Cornstalks let fly at our stumps,

As well they know how to let fly,

There is not the least need to be down in the dumps;

Think of GRACE, boys, and never say die!

Before GRACE had met them, and spanked them all round,

They really appeared bad to beat;

But the Players—who whopped them—were cheered I'll be

By the thought of that GRACE after meet!

A NEW INSPIRATION.—One of the *Spectator's* poets, with no signature, in the number for May 26, wrote "The steadiest angel is a woman's love." Now we know there are good angels and bad angels, but of the latter class the poet is not speaking. Among the good angels are there then some who are rather unsteady or shaky? This poet probably knows; but the idea of one angel being steadier than another does open out a wide range of possibilities which might account for a good many erratic movements. Of course all such beings are invisible to ordinary mortals, and only seen by the *Spectator* and his Inspired Poet.

A Long Farewell.

MADAME NILSSON has just commenced bidding "farewell,"

But when she will finish one cannot quite tell.

For "parting," as SHAKESPEARE says, is "such sweet sorrow"

(And so says the lender to one who would borrow),

That NILSSON may say it again and again,

And then may decide (be it so) to remain.

Continue to sing while you can,—then, *ma belle*,

"One bumper at parting"—one brilliant farewell.

HOMELESS! A DUET OF DESPENDENCY.

[The National Portrait Gallery, and the National Rifle Association, are both seeking a permanent place of rest.]



Old Masters. Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us "National."

Title of honour and glory of old.
Then say is it loyal, and say is it rational,
Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?

Young Marksmen. National also they dub us, oh, Masters!
But now we're evicted and driven to roam.
We're used to cold water and snubs, but disasters
Have now reached their climax; we haven't a home!

Old Masters. No, by VANDYKE and by HOLBEIN it's shameful!
By REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH it is not right!
Young Marks. By ROSS and by JACKSON those big-wigs are blameful,
Who leave shots like them in so homeless a plight!

Chorus.

Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us National,
Title of honour and glory of old.
Then say is it loyal, then say is it rational,
Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?



'A BLOCK!'

Old Military Gent (furiously). "Now, MR. PUNCH, I ONLY ASK YOU, SHIR"—(gasps)—"T'LOOK 'T THA', SHIR! ABSEN'LUTELY TH' EN-TIRE PAVEM'NT, SHAR! WHEEL TAX! 'ONLY WISH I WAS CHANCELLOR O' TH' EXCHEQ.—!"

[Rushes back home, and writes to the Times!]

Old Masters. National? Nay, they must mean it as rallery,

Since in the whole of the Nation they fail
To find for such portraits a permanent Gallery.

Britons should blush at the pitiful tale.

Young Marksmen. National? Nonsense! When Wimbledon
shunts us,

Richmond refuses and Epping derides,
When from post to pillar a Royal Duke hunts us,
And bigwigs with builders against us take sides.

Old Masters. England love Art? Just conceive the reception
We'd meet with in Antwerp, or Paris, or Rome!

Young Marksmen. Patriot England? That's all a deception,
Or should we be singing thus, "Driven from home"?

Chorus.

Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us "National,"

Title of honour and glory of old:

Then say is it loyal, say is it rational,

Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?

SLOW AND SHAW, AND YET UNCERTAIN!

(The Story of a Shadow that should not end in Smoke.)

MR. PUNCH was greatly pleased with all he had seen. He had been to the head-quarters of the Fire Brigade on the south side of the Thames, and had found everyone on the alert. The horses were ready harnessed; the fireplaces under the boilers filled with fuel, and only waiting a match to set them alight; the men dressed and wide awake, and prepared to start at a moment's notice to go anywhere and to do everything. The organisation was perfect. London was protected by a network of telegraph-wires. Communication was established between the centre office and the outlying districts. Here and there was a fire-escape with its attendant, able to proceed at once to any point requiring immediate succour. The signal-posts, too, were all in working order.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mr. Punch. "The system seems to be

admirable!" And as he spoke, six o'clock struck, and some of the firemen got up, and prepared to go out.

"An alarm?" queried Mr. Punch.

"No, Sir," replied one of the Brigade; "we are off to help to take the escapes back to their morning quarters."

"Morning quarters?"

"To be sure. After six o'clock we presume that they will be no further needed for immediate use, so we wheel them back to their daily resting-place. They are rather heavy, so some of our men are sent to help."

"Rather risky," quoth Mr. Punch, gravely.

"Not much," was the reply, as a number of firemen departed.

Suddenly there was a glare of red light. The smoke rose in the air, the flames made a crackling noise, and a huge pile of premises were well a-light!

A loud cry was raised for the fire-escapes. It was useless—the refuges had been removed.

Then the poor frightened inmates shouted for help. Once more a vain appeal! The firemen were most of them away, assisting in the removal of the escapes! Tide and time wait for no man—fire never breaks an appointment; so the flames spread, and there was no help! Some died at once, others lingered but to die!

"How is this, Sir?" asked Mr. Punch, angrily. "Why were you not prepared?"

"Please, Sir," explained the Chief, "it is not our fault—look at the time," and he pointed to a clock. The hands stood at half-past six.

"Not your fault!" echoed Mr. Punch, once more severely.

"No, Sir. You see it is nearly seven; and it's against the regulations for a fire to break out after six o'clock!"

"This must be looked into!" cried Mr. Punch.

And it must!

SECURA.—Madame SCHUMANN, in a safe position 'twixt Sword and Pen, may be seen in this month's *Men and Women of the Day*, where Messrs. BARBAUD have sandwiched her between Lord WOLSELEY and Mr. BESANT.

THE "PLEASURE HORSE" IN LONDON.



MR. BIGSBY IS ORDERED HORSE EXERCISE, "WHICH WILL TAKE HIM OUT OF HIMSELF." HAVING SECURED "A PERFECT GENTLEMAN'S 'OSS, SIR, WITH FINE ACTION," HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PARK. HE FINDS THAT HE IS TAKEN OUT OF HIMSELF; AS THE HORSE ABSORBS HIS ENTIRE ATTENTION.



HIS ATTENTION IS SOMEWHAT DISTRACTED. "WHY ON EARTH DON'T THE POLICE STOP THE TRAFFIC?" HE EXCLAIMS TO HIMSELF.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN answer to numerous anxious inquiries as to why I have been so long silent, I can only reply that I have not had a moment to spare for readings since I commenced my book on the Derby. The process has cost me many sleepless nights and a considerable amount of ready cash. Henceforth, I will read books, not make them. I have now on my library table *The British Army*, which, of course, must be reviewed; *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*, by Monsieur FRÉDÉRIC HAWKINS, uncommonly interesting, no doubt; *History of the People of Israel*—in the 60 per century; *Twenty-Five Years in a Waggon*, which sounds monotonous, and suggests a series of "A Week in a Hansom," "Fourteen Minutes in a Growler," "A Fortnight in a Fly," and so forth. The title of *The Chronicles of Bow Street Police Court*, by PERCY FITZGERALD, is promising, though I do not remember having often come across his name in the police reports. There are some cases, however, which are taken early, and do not find their way into the daily journals

which dismiss them summarily with the usual line, "After the ordinary night-charges had been disposed of, &c., &c." If there are many startling sensations in it, Mr. FITZGERALD would do well to give it a second title, "Fitz and Starts." Mr. OLIPHANT'S *Scientific Religion*, must be Oliphantine. Mr. FARGON'S *Miser Farebrother* is the only one I've been able to get through since reading that light and airy work *Robert Elamere*, but it does not represent Mr. FARGON at his best, and he will, I hope, soon give us another which will make novel readers sit up. Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT'S charming story of *Sarah Crew*; or, *What happened at Miss Minchin's*, I've read, and if I hadn't been entranced by *Little Lord Fauntleroy* first, I should have been loud in praise of this book as I was of the latter. For EDITHA'S *Burglar* I own I do not care; it is forced, but it makes me thoroughly appreciate Mr. VICE-VERSA-GUTHRIE'S *Burglar Bill*, which is one of the best among his subjects for reciters. At present I can do no more than mention these names, and include among them *A Wanderer's Notes*, by BRATTY-KINGSTON, whose motto, as a Special Correspondent here, there, and everywhere at a moment's notice, must be that "Wanders will never cease." Which reminds me that having wandered as far as Kingston, I must come back again, and sign myself,

Yours as ever,
The Shades, Bukarest.

"THEY REALLY OUGHT TO PUT DOWN MORE SAND AT THE PARK GATES. MOST DANGEROUS!" SAYS BIGSBY MORE "TAKEN OUT OF HIMSELF" THAN EVER.



THE BRITISH OLLENDORFF.

A Military Exercise for Special English Study.

HAVE you the new rifle of the neighbour?—No; but I have the old gun and the corkscrew bayonet.

Then you have the gun of your father? Yes, I have it (*Je l'ai*), and also the howitzer of my grandfather.

Who has the newest gun and the best powder?—The Frenchman has the newest gun and the best powder; but I have the promise of a future report on the subject from a Committee of experienced scientific experts.

Is the Volunteer provided by the Authorities with the suitable equipment for rendering him an effective soldier?

No; but he is in the proud position of on all public occasions being reminded of the fact that he has the very best wishes of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Will he then be enabled still to enjoy the benefits of his convenient Rifle Range in the vicinity of the Metropolis?

No; but the Duke will be in a position to make a pretty penny (*foliment son affaire*) by dealing on advantageous terms with his private property.

Is the country possessed of any scheme of organisation that would enable it to put two entire Army Corps in the field on a sudden emergency?

No; but it has the outline of a plan for requisitioning cart-horses, carefully put away in a pigeon-hole at the War Office.

Will the 180 swift-steaming cruisers deemed necessary for the protection of our commerce, be forthcoming when required?

No, they will not; but their place will be supplied by the optimistic utterances of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, furnished from time to time in the Daily Papers.

Are these some of the defences which the country has paid its millions, and upon which it relied for its safety?

Yes; for these are the five comic ironclads, unprovided with guns, that the Admiralty has turned out as a substitute!

Does JOHN BULL not object to spending his money with a view to defending himself, and making his position secure?

No, JOHN BULL does not object to spending his money, but with it he can purchase neither ships, nor soldiers, nor transport, nor guns, nor barracks, nor anything else whatever at all useful for the purpose.

Has he, then, neither Army nor Navy?

No; he has neither Army nor Navy, but he has a Royal Commission and several voluminous Blue Books.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 26.—House crammed. Old times revived. Lorgnettes in requisition. "Fops' Alley" restored. That is, if Fops' Alley was up the middle and down again. Don't remember Fops' Alley myself, only heard of it. Remember time when every stall and box was identified with a somebody, and as a boy recollect elderly gentlemen becoming quite nervous on a subscribers' night if one of the stalls or a box was vacant.

Madame ALBANI, as the Countess Almaviva in the *Nozze di Figaro*, in superb voice. Countess not a great part; with one song (strenuously encoored but not taken) and a fair share of a sprightly duet with Miss ELLA RUSSELL as the coquettish Susanna, in rather modern *Opéra Bouffe* style of costume, with dangerously high heels. Duet arouses unwonted enthusiasm. Demand for encore. ALBANI raises her eyebrows and implies, "Shall we?" Whereat ELLA RUSSELL replies with graceful gesture, "If you will. It's for you to decide." More applause. ALBANI gives in. Mr. RANDOLPH says, "Go on!" and on we go. Delightful. Everyone pleased. Floral tributes. Pretty to see ALBANI hand first bouquet to ELLA RUSSELL. Never lose by politeness. Next bouquet is a better one, and ALBANI gets it.

COTOGNI as *Figaro*—not quite a good figger (O!) for dancing. Looks as if good living and retirement on a pension in *Count Almaviva's* service had told upon him. The Barber is not so active as he was. Never mind. Charming music. Miss ARNOLDSON looks the lark young *Cherubino* to perfection. Will suggest to TOBY that should the House of Commons ever want to cast this Opera among themselves, Mr. HARRY LAWSON or Mr. BOBBY SPENCER would, either of them, make a first-rate *Cherubino*. Neither of them so pretty as the *pétillante* ARNOLDSON, but, as youths, each would look it and act it. House thoroughly appreciates ARNOLDSON. RAVELLI as the Count counts much, and scores accordingly. Choruses capital. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS excelling himself in the Third Act with a kind of Kate Vaughan ballet. Ballet of Blacklegs. Evidently



Dance of Blacklegs in *Not ses de Figger O!*

intended to convey symbolically a moral before the Derby. Beware of blacklegs and gambolling. Austere critics raging wildly about the unities. How dare AUGUSTUS introduce WEBER's music into MOZART's Opera? "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*," replies DRURIOLANUS; and the public who appreciate the unqualified generosity of AUGUSTUS in giving them WEBER when they'd only paid for MOZART, applaud vehemently, and the Curtain descends on a triumphant *finale* of MOZART-CUM-WEBER.

Monday.—MINNIE HAWK as *Carmen* (How clever!) with Miss MCINTYRE as the ingenious simple maiden. Glad purr Scotch lassie has recovered from the purr Scotch lassitude which prevented her from singing in *Don Giovanni*. Signor RAVELLI as *Don José*, a considerable improvement on poor DE REIMS. RAVELLI grows on you; he doesn't grow any taller, and both MINNIE and MACKY—meaning Miss HAWK and Miss MCINTYRE—have the advantage of him in height.

Saturday.—*Il Trovatore*. This, by its name, *Il Trove a Tory*, ought to be a favourite Opera with Signor CHAPLINI, Count CARLO BERSFORDINI, and other members of the Italian Organising Committee. *Il Trovatore* himself was excellently well *Trovatore*, being sung in first-rate style by Signor RAVELLI, who received an enthusiastic and thoroughly well-deserved ovation. As a working tenor, Signor RAVELLI is invaluable, for, up to to-night, and since the early retirement of M. DE REIMS—who must have been a native of a very flat country,—there has not been a single Opera, as far as I am aware, in which RAVELLI the Reliable has not appeared, and won his way with an appreciative public. Then there is little Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent, who seems to delight in doing good work, and who, in the rôle of *confidante* to the soprano, is so deeply sympathetic and so strictly attentive to business, that, whether she appears as a youthful gipsy in *Carmen*, pretty and sprightly, or as the *confidante* already mentioned, or as a middle-aged lady in waiting in some other Opera, doleful and demure, or as a genuinely wicked old *Dame Marthe* in *Faust*, it is always a pleasure to see her, and recognise her dramatic talent. To insure success, no Italian Opera Company should ever be without BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent and RAVELLI the Reliable. Madame SCALCHI, as usual, first favourite as *Asucena*. Signor D'ANDRADE looked the "two-pence coloured" part of the melodramatic *Conte di Luna*. Mlle. MARGUERITE MARTINI, at first hearing, struck me as rather like the celebrated *Betty Martini*, who was famous for her rendering of the great *canzona*, "*Al mi io*." House crammed. DRURIOLANUS delighted, and everyone on their legs to assist in the National Anthem, in honour of HER MAJESTY's birthday.

DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 14.—Spent the whole of the afternoon in the garden, having this morning picked up at a bookstall for fivepence a capital little book in good condition on Gardening. I procured and sowed some half-hardy Annuals in what I fancy will be a warm sunny border. I thought of a joke, and called out CARRIE. CARRIE came out rather testy I thought. I said, "I have just discovered we have got a lodging-house." She replied, "How do you mean?" I said, "Look at the boarders." CARRIE said, "Is that all you wanted me for?" I said, "Any other time you would have laughed at my little pleasantry." CARRIE said, "Certainly—at any other time, but not when I am busy in the house." The rest of the evening was spent in silence—both reading.



April 15, Sunday.—At three o'clock CUMMINGS and GOWING called for a good long walk over Hampstead and Finchley, and brought with them a friend named STILLBROOK. We walked and chatted together except STILLBROOK, who was always a few yards behind us staring at the ground and cutting at the grass with his stick. As it was getting on for five, we four held a consultation, and GOWING suggested that we should make for "The Cow and Hedge," and get some tea. STILLBROOK said, "A brandy and soda was good enough for him." I reminded them that all public-houses were closed till six o'clock. STILLBROOK said, "That's all right—*bond fide* travellers." We arrived, and as I was trying to pass, the man in charge of the gate said, "Where from?" I replied, "Holloway." He immediately put up his arm, and declined to let me pass. I turned back for a moment, when I saw STILLBROOK, closely followed by CUMMINGS and GOWING, make for the entrance. I watched them and thought I would have a good laugh at their expense. I heard the porter say, "Where from?" When to my surprise, in fact disgust, STILLBROOK replied "Blackheath," and the three were immediately admitted. GOWING called to me across the gate and said, "We shan't be a minute." I waited for them the best part of an hour. When they appeared they were all in most excellent spirits, and the only one who made an effort to apologise was Mr. STILLBROOK, who said to me, "It was very rough on you to be kept waiting, but we had another spin for S and B's." I walked home in silence. I couldn't speak to them. I felt very dull all the evening, but deemed it advisable not to say anything to CARRIE about the matter.

April 16.—After business set to work in the garden. When it got dark I wrote to CUMMINGS and GOWING (who neither called, for a wonder; perhaps they were ashamed of themselves) about yesterday's adventure at the "Cow and Hedge." Afterwards made up my mind not to write yet.

April 17.—Thought I would write a kind little note to GOWING and CUMMINGS about last Sunday, and warning them against Mr. STILLBROOK. Afterwards, thinking the matter over, tore up the letters, and determined not to write at all, but to speak quietly to them. Dumfounded at receiving a sharp letter from CUMMINGS, saying that both he and GOWING had been waiting for an explanation of my (mind you, MY) extraordinary conduct coming home on Sunday. At last I wrote, "I thought I was the aggrieved party; but as I freely forgive you, you, feeling yourself aggrieved, should bestow forgiveness on me." I have copied this *verbatim* in the diary, because I think it is one of the most perfect and thoughtful sentences I have ever written. I posted the letter, but in my own heart I felt I was actually apologising for having been insulted.

April 18.—Am in for a cold. Spent the whole day at the office sneezing. In the evening, the cold being intolerable, sent SARAH out for a bottle of Kinahan. Fell asleep in the arm-chair, and woke with the shivers. Was startled by a loud knock at the front door. CARRIE awfully flurried. SARAH still out, so went up, opened the door, and found it was only CUMMINGS. Remembered the grocer's boy had again broken the side-bell. CUMMINGS squeezed my hand, and said, "I've just seen GOWING. All right. Say no more about it." There is no doubt they are both under the impression I have apologised. While playing dominoes with CUMMINGS in the parlour, he said, "By the bye, do you want any wine or spirits? My cousin MERTON has just set up in the trade, and has a splendid whiskey, four years in bottle, at thirty-eight shillings. It is worth your while laying down a few dozen of it." I told him my cellars, which were very small, were full up. To my horror, at that very moment SARAH entered the room, and putting a bottle of whiskey, wrapped in a dirty piece of newspaper, on the table in front of us, said, "Please, Sir, the grocer says he ain't got no more Kinahan, but you'll find this very good at two-and-six with twopence returned on the bottle, and please did you want any more sherry, as he has some at one-and-three, as dry as a nut!"



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

(THEIR PERVERSENESS.)

Paterfamilias, R.A., R.W.S., &c., &c. "THERE YOU GO, AS USUAL, STRUMMING AWAY ON THAT ABOMINABLE INSTRUMENT INSTEAD OF PAINTING! PEOPLE TELL ME YOU CAN PLAY AND SING LIKE A PROFESSIONAL NIGGER; AND YET, WITH ALL MY CARE, YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE A DECENT COPY OF A PLASTER CAST!"

Constance. "AH! DEAR PAPA, IF YOU'D ALWAYS DISCOURAGED MY PAINTING AS MUCH AS YOU'VE ALWAYS DISCOURAGED MY MUSIC, BY THIS TIME I SHOULD PAINT ALMOST AS WELL AS YOU DO!"

NEW FRIENDS; OR, BUNG AND BRUM.

Bung. Well, come this is hearty! I do like this 'ere.
Dropping in for a glass in this way—as a friend!
Brum. Don't mention it, Bung. This is excellent beer!
Your health, my dear boy, luck, and business no end!
Bung. Thanks! A precious deal more, Sir, than some parties wish;
That old hard 'un, at Ha'rden, for instance,—confound him!
Brum. Oh, he's past praying for. Pretty kettle of fish
He'd make of your business. You always have found him
Your enemy, Bung. He will smash you,—or try.
But—I looks towards you!
Bung (winking). I ketches your h'eye!
Brum. Nice little place this. Lots o' trade, I suppose?
Bung. Well, I don't do so bad, though I say it as shouldn't.
Brum. But, robbed of your licence, you'd just have to close,
I presume. Wouldn't make it pay then?
Bung (indignantly). Sir, I couldn't.
A nastier, howdaciouser bit of black spite
Even Radicals couldn't have hit on.
Brum. (dryly). Precisely.
Bung. But then there are Rads, Bung, and Rads.
With Rads, Sir, like you, I can get along nicely.
Brum. Yes, yes; I'm your friend, as you'll prove, if you try.
I looks, Bung, towards you!
Bung. I ketches your h'eye!
Bung. I did use to think you inclined to be down on
Us poor Licensed Witters,—a 'ardly-used lot, Sir!
Wested interests was things as you once used to frown on;
But there, you've improved, and you now know wot's wot, Sir.
Brum. Improved? Oh dear no! There's no change, Bung, in me.

Bung. Ah! but how about Toilers and Spinners,—and Ransom?
Brum. Oh, you wait awhile, my good friend, and you'll see.

But, as touching yourself, I would do the thing handsome.
Circumstances have changed, and not JOSEPH.

Bung (winking). I'm fly!

Brum. Well, I looks, Bung, towards you!
Bung (with a grateful smile). I ketches your h'eye!

Brum. I'm for Equity, Bung. Law is all very fine
For the Irish, because they are rebels and Papists;
But fine loyal fellows like you, landlord mine,
I shan't leave a prey to the pumps and red-tapists!

Bung. Ooray! Law be jiggered! You are a good sort.
Here's Hequity, Sir!—which that means Compensation.

We Witters and Brewers 'll 'ave some rare sport.
Don't mind being bought out, if it's done by the Nation—
'Ope the Nation 'll relish the figger, that's all.

Bless yer heart, Sir, the Nation won't do it, not never.
That dashed Local Hoption must go to the wall,

And Sir WILFRID will find he's been too jolly clever.
Brum. Easy, easy, friend Bung! An old dog's slow to cry.

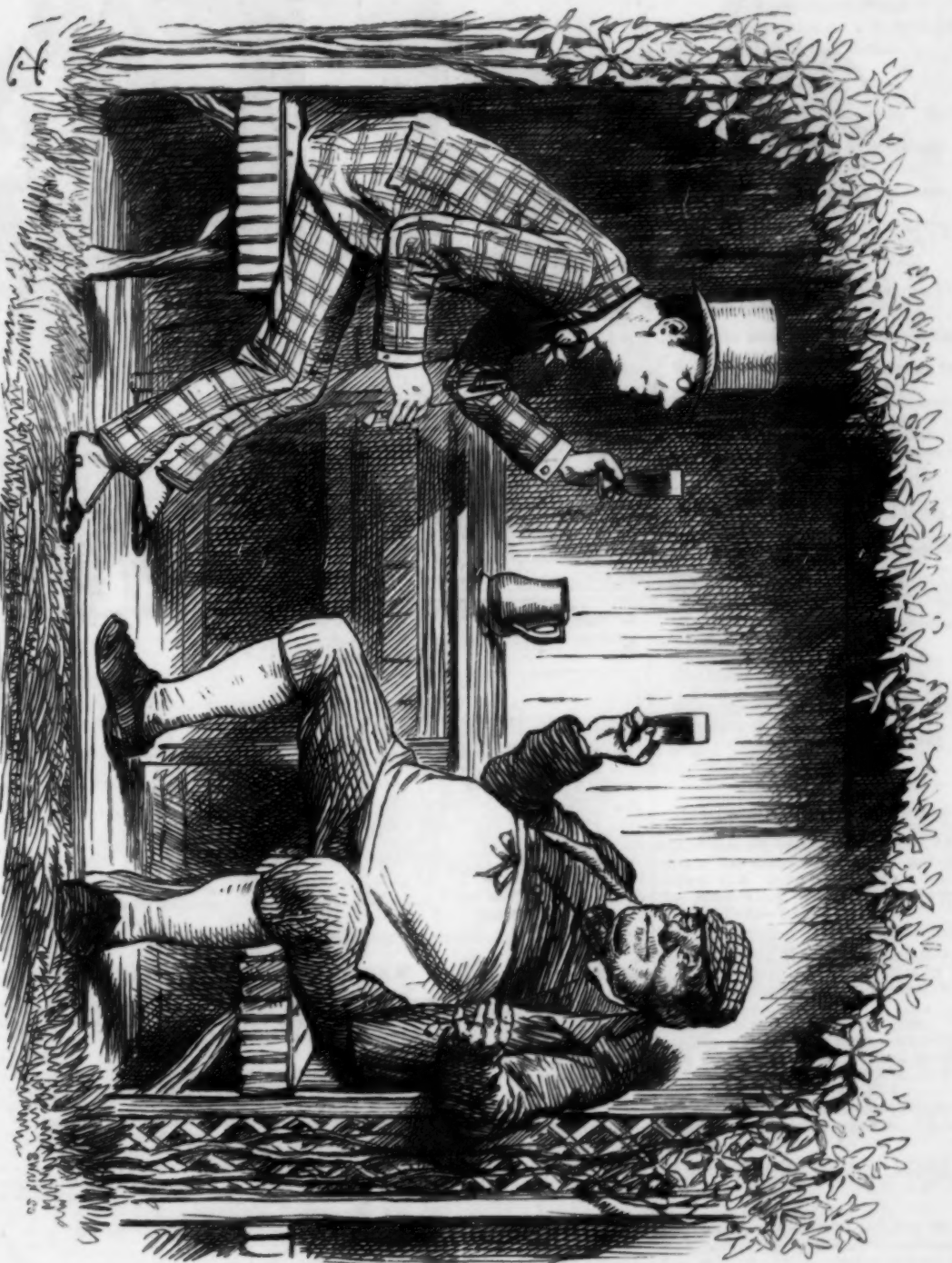
But—well, I looks towards you!
Bung. (knowingly). I ketches your h'eye!

[Left hob-nobbing.]

"THE COURSE OF TIME."—There should be a new Derby Day version of POLLOCK'S Poem by Sir JOHN BENNETT, who, judging by his appearance at Epsom last Wednesday, is doing a match against Time, and winning it easily. No doubt Time has given him a wrinkle or two—*fas est ab hoste doceri*—but Sir JOHN is quite up to Time. Good Knight, Sir JOHN.

"THE GHOST OF AN ARGUMENT."—Immaterial to the issue.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 9, 1884.



NEW FRIENDS.

RIGHT HON. JOSEPH C. "MR. BUNG, I LOOK TO-WARDS YOU!"

MR. BUNG. "SIR, I CATCHES YER HIVE!"

[They converse.]

PRIVATE VIEWS OF ACADEMY PICTURES.



No. 712. Heavy Washing Day.



No. 687. Mad. "I'll strike you with a feather." Fan-cy portrait.



Nos. 226 and 231.

Rabbits (to one another). "Don't be frightened. It isn't a real Lion, or anything like it."

No. 413. Watch Dog with Telescope.
("An artistic joke.")

No. 220. Football.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

By Sancho Preston Pansa.

VI.—ON THE RECEIPT OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

AND is my hair as thin as that,
And are my feet so big,
And am I really getting fat,
With eyes like slumbrous pig?
And does the smile, wherewith I thought
To show the peace within,
Appear with wreathed folly fraught
Like this insensate grin?

Small wonder when, amid the dance,
I seek the young and fair,
They ask, with soft, confiding glance,
"Oh, would you mind a square?"
While rage and wounded vanity,
Like mingled powders fizz,
I cry, "Is this dark daub like me?"
And conscience cries, "It is!"

Ah! like the splash that makes you mad,
And AMARYLLIS scream,
When in swift launch the careless cad
Goes hurling up the stream,
Or when the cloudland crystals fleck
The air with feathery mazes,
A snowball bursts upon your neck
And makes you jump like blazes,—

Or when the booby-trap is sprung
Above your chamber door,
Or when the chairless weight is flung,
Unchecked, upon the floor,
Or like the street-door's sudden slam,
So is the shock to me,
Contrasting what I really am
With what I hoped to be.

Farwell the dreams of fond romance
Of wedding-bells and dresses,
The dear discomfords of the dance,
The fancied fondness of a glance,
False smiles and doubtful tresses.
Henceforth I spurn the worldling-crew,
Renounce my cousin MABEL,
And yield myself heart-whole unto
The pleasures of the table.

ONE DEGREE BETTER.—"Beg your pardon—Grant your Grace"—the ten dissentients haven't begged his pardon, but the Senate has granted his Grace, and GRANDOLPH is to have his honorary D.C.L. at the same time that it is conferred on H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT DERBY CRYPTOGRAM.

RIGHT again! From amongst the thousands of letters Mr. Punch has received from those of his readers who have deciphered—and profited by—his Great Derby Cryptogram, here is one:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You Grand Old Oracle! I drink your jolly good health in '74 Champagne, and I've taken care that you shall have the fullest opportunity of responding in the same splendid tipple. Your Cryptogramic Derby "Tip" was as clear as mud. I took it like a shot, and am a Twenty Thousand-Pounder to-day in consequence. "First here will, of course, be first at Epsom," says the Tip; the very first paragraph of BACON's contribution gives the name of "the absolute Winner," as the advertising humbugs have it. That paragraph hath eight sentences. Put the first letter of the first words in those sentences together—those first words being, As—Youth—Racing—Shopboy—How—It—ENIGMONOMANTUS—Eighty—and you have the name of the Derby Winner of 1888—Ayrshire!!!!!! Wonderful! DOWNNELLY's not in it. Yours, opulently, I. S. POTTEM.

True, Mr. POTTEM; but that's not all. The Cryptogram is full of "tips" from beginning to end. Look a little lower down. "Not as the Crow fieth, but as the Swallow wheeleth," says the mystic script. And "Be eyes right ready yet." Put this and that together, and you have the second in the Derby, "Crowberry" to wit! To make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Punch says, still further on, "See me reverse! In this way. 'Fonder real runner evidently bears win-

ning or "realising" colours!" Read the initials here in reverse order, and you get a second, "Crowberry." And "Crowberry" was second. And did not those who backed him for a place win or realise?

Yet again. Take the latter sentences of the Cryptogram. "The van cannot be in the rear. Don't I evidently mean another sub-bustic secret lucidly and not darkly to reveal?" And there you have "Van Dieman's Land," the third in the Derby! Q. E. F.!!! Was ever so complete a "Tip" as this of Mr. Punch's?

But even this is not all. The Cryptogram contains—as DOWNNELLY says BACON's does—an elaborate arithmetical cypher. Here is a specimen:—

The (1'7) Derby (3'80) Winner (3'108) of (3'9) Eighty-eight (3'89-90) is (1'13) A (6'1) Y (6'8) R (6'11) S (6'25) H (6'23) I (6'5) R (6'37) E (6'9).

Like Mr. DOWNNELLY, Mr. Punch means to "withhold the full explanation" of this bracketed-dotted-hyphenated-mathematico-mystic cypher. His readers will, doubtless, prefer to work it out themselves. He would simply, in conclusion, call their attention to the significant warning already given in last week's Cryptogram:— "And mind ye are not put off the scent of the veritable quarry by obvious herring-trails, diverted from the true track by false clues!"

Hooray!

PUNCH.



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

"BY THE BYE, I WISH YOU WOULD GET ME A CARD FOR THE DUCHESS OF BRAUMORRIS'S DANCE!"

"I'LL TRY. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A COSTUME FROM HER, OR A BONNET, OR SOMETHING,—AS SHE ONLY ASKS HER CUSTOMERS!"

SHUT, SESAME!

(A Fairy Story of the Regent's Park.)

"So, Captain RIF," said the Enchantress, "you have had your sleep for a hundred years, and now you are quite awake?"

"Thank you, fair lady," replied the Knight of the Road, raising his feathered hat courteously, "that indeed I am. I do well remember a century ago here were the Mary le Bone Gardens—a lonely spot all round, and excellent for gentlemen of my profession. In those days there was no Wimpole Street—we only had Welbeck Mews; and as for Cavendish Square, it was hardly finished."

"Your wish has been realised," smilingly replied the Enchantress. "It is 1888—the year after Her MAJESTY'S Jubilee."

"How different from a hundred years ago!" cried the highwayman. "Then the roads were infested with robbers who courteously offered the benighted citizen either to take his purse or his life. Things are changed now!"

"You can see for yourself," replied the Enchantress, rather dryly. "If you want me, cry 'Open, Sesame!' and the gates will yield me up." Upon this the fairy disappeared.

"This is indeed pleasant," said the reformed thief. "How delightful to ride in comfort and peace in this beautiful park! How happy must be the inhabitants living in the neighbourhood! How—"

He had got thus far in his soliloquy, when suddenly a rabble of shouting jibing roughs surrounded him.

"Do you come from the Grove?" yelled one.

"Are you from the Deck?" shrieked another.

And then with one accord they fell upon him and tried to kill him! Captain RIF set spurs to his horse, and with great difficulty escaped. As he galloped away, ruffians of all kinds sprang up from every corner, and tried to stop him. "Open, Sesame!" he cried when he had distanced his pursuers, and immediately the Enchantress reappeared before him.

"Well," she asked, "what do you want with me?"

METROPOLITAN MEMS.

THANKS, I prefer not crossing the Park after dark unless attended by a squadron of Horse Guards.

No, when I referred to the "horrible crime" in Oxford Terrace, I was not speaking of the affair of the day before yesterday, when a harmless bank clerk was set upon in broad daylight and "settled" by ten roughs armed with daggers, whose excuse was that they "mistook him for somebody else." I mean yesterday's murder—of the City Missionary, his wife, and three children by the escaped convict in the East End.

As there are two suspicious-looking men now coming up the front steps, armed with jemmies and carrying skeleton keys, perhaps it would be as well for us to go out on the roof and drag the ladder up after us through the sky-light till they have completed their survey of the premises.

Dear me! This is the twenty-seventh fresh clue that the Police are said to have found to the murder in North-East Highbury since it was committed two days ago.

It can hardly be said that the detectives have exhibited no energy in connection with "the West Dulwich Flaying-alive Case." Why, only yesterday they arrested my maternal aunt and two of my cousins from the country on the charge of being the persons wanted for the crime, and only released them after twenty-four hours on bread-and-water in a dark cell, upon the urgent assurances of the Vicar of the parish, the local Medical Man, and a firm of Solicitors, that they were really quite innocent.

Between tip-cat and unarrested assassins, a walk along the streets of London is becoming as exciting an achievement as a trip across the Dark Continent.

I am sorry you do not like my new Botany Bay port, of extra quality, for which I gave sevenpence the half bottle, but I really cannot go down into my cellar to get any other kind, because I heard a very strange noise just now; and the only question remaining is, whether it is the Manchester murderer, the two Canonbury ditto, or the unarrested members of the Regent's Park gang, who are down there.

THE CHANNEL BRIDGE IN THE AIR.—What sort of structure would be the most suitable for bridging over the "Silver Streak"?—The *Pons Asinorum*.

"I never in my life saw anything more brutal—more barbarous! Prithee, 'Shut, Sesame!' Close the gates!"

"No; that charm won't work," sorrowfully explained the good fairy. "The First Commissioner of Works has ordered the gates to remain open, and he is more powerful than I. I cannot close them for you!"

"Then let me sleep again. Perhaps a hundred years hence the state of the Regent's Park may be better."

"At any rate," responded the obliging Enchantress as she granted him his request, "whatever that change may be, it cannot make matters worse!"

A REAL "EMERGENCY MAN."

"One rescue was effected in a most praiseworthy manner by a labourer named DAVID BUCHANAN, who ascended the ladder, but, finding it too short to reach the upper story, climbed at great personal risk to the window-sill, and from there handed down one of the girls."—*"Times"* account of the disastrous fire in the Edgware Road.

'Tis a real relief, 'midst official unreadiness, To find an example of prompt pluck and steadiness. One man did not know how to fear or to fail!

It lightens the gloom of that heart-chilling tale.

Bravo, my brave "labourer"! *Punch* doffs his cap

At the labour of love of this stout-hearted chap.

There are few seeking fame at the mouth of the cannon

Who show cooler courage than DAVID BUCHANAN!

"THE MERRY WIVES" AT OXFORD.—The Sister University has gone far ahead of Cambridge in admitting ladies to take parts in their Theatrical performances. What do Margaret Hall and Magdalene say to such goings on between the Undergraduate Amateurs and "Merry Wives," which is evidently only a synonym for "Frisky Matrons"? An admirer of the present French high-heeled fashion on the stage says that there ought to be a Ladies' Thespian College, to be called *All Heels*, in contradistinction to *All Souls*?



House of Commons, Thursday, May 31.—House resumed after Whitsun Recess. SPEAKER back in Chair in renewed health and vigour, whereas all rejoice. Benches not overcrowded. Most of the Sixth Form boys, including G. O. M., extended their holidays till Monday. Only Treasury Bench crowded. JACKSON looking round empty benches rather thinks he'll get a block of votes in Committee of Supply. Turned out otherwise. House once in Committee, two or three gentlemen on Opposition Benches unexpectedly display consuming thirst for knowledge. GEORGE CAMPBELL wants to know whether Government have "really and truly abandoned the Soudan?" W. MCARTHEW inquired about the new King of Samoa. A. PHASE, not to be outdone, trots out that well-known ex-Irish Member, King JA JA. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate blandly insisted upon being informed "What is the policy of Her Majesty's Government in Europe?"

"A nice comprehensive question," said PLUNKET. "Reminds me of true story about GEORGE ELLIOT (not the Novelist) dining with DIZZY at Hughenden. 'And what,' said rotund Baronet, settling himself comfortably after dinner, with leg extended on second chair, 'and what do you think of GLADSTONE?'" FERGUSON put up to answer cloud of questioners. They mock themselves of him. Things beginning to look cloudy. Old Morality sent for. Comes in hurriedly. Throws himself into breach, to great relief of FERGUSON. Delicious to hear him, in measured tones, with grave countenance, unsuspecting the joke, declare his "determination to maintain the peace of Europe." Not W. H., or H. W., but NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SMITH!

Morning Post announces arrival in Town, after holidays, of JOSEPH GILLIS, from his Château in Ireland. Here, sure enough; observing absence of G. O. M., naturally assumes office of Leader of Opposition. Questions Old Morality as to course of public business. At midnight, when progress reported, returns again to front, and takes charge of things generally. Seats himself above Gangway, the more surely to catch SPEAKER'S eye. Members in charge of Private Bills vainly endeavoured to advance them. JOEY B. down on them like the Eagle of Skibbereen. His shrill "I 'bjeet" rings through House; discomfited Members retire; Bill after Bill postponed, and so home to bed. Business done.—Civil Service Estimates.

Friday.—A sleepy night. Yesterday quite exhilarating, by comparison. First deep in discussion of relations between Trustees of Savings Banks and the State. Then PICTON introduced the Small-pox from Sheffield; Members fled in affright. Not to be reassured by ANDERSON, who discoursed at large upon private rights in Musselbeds in the tidal waters of Scotland. Then Supply. CONYBEARE objected to abandoning Isle of Ascension. GEORGE HAMILTON, on part of Government, offered to retain Island if CONYBEARE would go and live there during Parliamentary Session. This suggestion for removing from House what GRANDOLPH picturesquely calls "The Curse of Camborne," received with general approval; noting which, CONYBEARE naturally dissented.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

A REAL "RICHMOND GEM."

"Sir JOHN WHITTAKER ELLIS has completed the purchase of The Castle Hotel property from Mr. TOD-HEATLEY, and has presented it to the town of Richmond, for the preservation of the beautiful view of the River which the site commands."

Vide Daily Papers.

BY WHITTAKER ELLIS	Is Mr. TOD-HEATLEY.
The Castle Hotel is	Right sort of Swell is
To Richmond presented,	Sir WHITTAKER ELLIS;
So Richmond's contented;	Deserving his wealth;
So, too, completely,	Punch drinks his good health.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A SENSATION BALLOON ASCENT.

SCENE—Pleasure Grounds, from which an Ascent is to be made. Crowd of British Sightseers discovered, struggling to get as close as possible to the Balloon.

A Jaded Female (who carries the basket, and has been gazing at the Balloon with a face utterly devoid of expression). And is she going up in that thing?

Her Husband (who is always a trifle "nasty" when he comes out to enjoy himself). Wodger's spouse she's going up in—a steam-engine!

The Female Aeronaut appears amidst frantic applause, and waits till final arrangements are completed.

A Morbid Sightseer. Fine woman, ain't she? Looks a little pale, though. There's some interest in seeing a woman do a thing o' this sort. *[Gloats.]*

Uninformed S. Can you tell me, Sir—is the lady going to sit on the trapeze?

Well-informed S. Oh, there'd be nothing particularly new in that! You see that rope hanging from the bar? Well, there's an india-rubber pad at the end of it, and she takes hold of that in her mouth, and is carried up, hanging by her teeth.

Uninformed S. (uneasily). But I suppose she'll be tied on, or something?

Well-informed S. Oh dear, no! Why, where on earth would the attraction be then?

[The Uninformed S. feels that he has said something rather foolish, and subsides.]

Highly Respectable Briton (to his family). Well, I'd entirely forgotten there was any such performance as this going on, or I wouldn't have come: but I suppose, now we are here, we may as well—eh?

[They all suppose they "may as well—eh?" and do.]
First Apologetic Spectator. There wouldn't be so many looking on if there was any harm in it, would there?

[Remains gazing.]

Second Ditto. It's no use setting up to be better than one's neighbours. If I don't look on, others will.

[Remains gazing.]

The Humorous 'Arry. I say, fancy if she was to be took with a sneezing fit up in the air, eh?

His Admiring 'Arriet. Oh, go on, do! making me lark like that!

The Jaded Female. Nothing but her teeth to 'old on by! I dunno how mine 'ud stand it.

Her Husband (with marital candour). I dunno 'bout your teeth—but you've got jaw enough for anything!

Loquacious S. Ah, it's getting near time now. See, she's taking the pad in her teeth—she'll give the signal in a minute!

A Timid Girl. Oh, I can't look—I must hide my eyes—it's so awful!

Practical Mother. Don't talk that ridiculous, SARAH ANN—hiding your eyes when you've been paid for to look—it's waste o' money!
Cheery S. (with a breezy courage, as if he were going up himself). Don't be alarmed, there's really no danger—not the slightest, she's accustomed to it!

The Morbid Man. No danger—unless she turned giddy and fainted.
Loquacious S. (with importance). Ah, I see the Flying Man come down, I did. That's fifteen or sixteen year ago now—but I see him. He did fall clumsy, too. Come down any'ow—like this.

[Illustrates with gestures.]
The Morbid M. If you get up to any height at all, and then fall—why, it stands to reason (with a grim gusto) you smash like a hegg!
Loquacious S. That's true enough. I've 'eard of 'em making 'oles in the ground. But they say you're dead long afore you roach the bottom.

The M. M. 'Oe says so? Not the parties themselves. (Perceives with surprise, that he has said something entertaining, and proceeds to elaborate.) They ain't in no condition to say, one way or the other.

The Humorous 'Arry. Don't she take 'old on it, neither! There's a grip for yer! Shouldn't care for my 'and to be where that pad is. Wod are they waitin' for now, eh? They're takin' their tea up in that bloomin' ear!

The M. M. Now's the time. If the balloon was to give a jerk—
Crowd. They're off. . . . A-a-h-h! How she did shoot up, didn't she? She's got to look quite small already.

They stare up, huddling up against one another in the pleasurable thrill of an entirely novel sensation.

The Humorous 'Arry. 'Owd yer like to see me 'anging up there, 'stead of 'er, eh, 'ARRIET?

[Cynical Bystander, who does not appreciate 'ARRIES, considers privately that the exchange would be a highly beneficial arrangement for most parties concerned.]

The Crowd. You can jest make her out still. Keeps her 'ands beind 'er, you see. It's worth coming out for—I will say that much!

The Jaded Female. Poor thing!

Her Husband. Pore thing? Wodger tork sech rubbish for! Ain't she paid for it? I wish I got as well paid for 'arf an hour's work.

The Practical Mother (to Crying Child). There, there, POLLY, what's the good o' taking on now? If the lady do fall, she won't fall on top o' you!

Cheery S. She must be at least a thousand feet above the earth now. You can only just see the balloon.

Highly Respectable Briton (to his conscience). After all, it's the courage and the—er—grace and skill of the thing one comes to see.

The Morbid Man (turning away, with a feeling of slight depression). She won't fall—she's right enough. There's nothing to look at any longer. I'm off!

The Humorous 'Arry. As soon as she thinks no one's a lookin' at 'er, she'll nip up into the ear. She won't keep on a bit longer than she can 'elp, I'll lay. I'm goin' to 'ave a try for a cooker-nut.

Dispersing Crowd. Well, I wouldn't ha' missed it for nothing. We mustn't forget to look in the papers to see if she comes down.

Patriotic Pleasure-Seeker. It really is a fine sight to see a people enjoying themselves in a simple natural way like this, in the open air. When you think of Spain, where the only notion of pleasure is a bull-fight—

[His sense of superiority overpowers him.]

ROBERT'S SILVER WEDDIN IM.

I'VE married bin for twenty-five long ears
 To fare LOOWERER, my own nupshal
 spouse,

And tho' life isn't allers beer and skittels,
 I've ne'er repented of my marriage wows.

I looks around and hears the world's wild
 rore,

All trying of their best to appy bee,
 And allers pitys the old Bachelore
 As has to set at home without no She!

Supposin as he's bin and made sum money,
 There's no fond Wife at tume to share
 his glee;

Supposin as he don't feel well, nor funny,
 There ain't no voice to make his misery
 flea.

But if the Usband's had a fruteful day
 How gladly does he hasten ome to tell her,
 And off they goes to see sum cheerfool Play
 In company with her fare sister BELLAR!

No! taking notes of all our hups and downs,
 My married life has proved, quite free from banter,
 That singel blessedness is full of frowns,
 And appy cupples wins it in a kanter!

ROBERT.



A MILITARY MATINÉE.

(By a Rank Civilian.)

June 2.—Show called *Trooping the Colours* advertised for 10 sharp. Parade Ground full. Performance doesn't commence till



10'30. Our Only General riding to and fro between Horse Guards and Marlborough House, looking anxious. What has happened? Has a button come off Commander-in-Chief's uniform at the last moment, and no needle and thread at hand? Has the civilian valet put out a wrong costume for H.R.H. the Prince? Can't the bearskin be found anywhere?

Several stout Warriors on horseback ride in. Impossible to distinguish them

—that is, more than they are, as, by their medals and gold trimmings, they are all sufficiently distinguished individuals already.

Officer in front riding in stateliest manner on highly-trained steed. Suddenly, highly-trained steed starts back on seeing the soldiers. Stately Officer nearly turns a catherine-wheel over charger's head. Equanimity and equilibrium restored. Which is the Prince? Which is the Duke? From this distance whichever you like, my little dear. Everybody remarking distinguished Officer in bright blue. Someone says, "Oh, he's a Blue Hungarian." Explanation gives general satisfaction for the moment. What are they going to do now?

10'30.—Life Guards' Band in full fig. (why "fig"? fruitless inquiry this), with usual gold coats and jockey caps (why "jockey caps"?), plays a snatch of National Anthem. Snatch is repeated at intervals. Air never played right through. Why? Don't they know it by this time? Lieutenant DAN GODFREY should see to this, or, if not GODFREY, at all events, one of the Military Musical Leaders. *A propos* of Band, lady inquires, "Where is 'the Saluting Base'?" Never heard of instrument being employed in this manner. Point out to her that the Band is only "wind" not "string": therefore neither Bass nor violoncello present: therefore no "saluting Base." If "Saluting Base" were here, there would also be a Bowing and Scraping Fiddle. She explains that she meant "B.a.s.s." not "B.a.s.s." Polite of her to spell it in this manner. If sarcastically inclined, might have omitted the "B" in second word. Military gentleman, a spectator on my right, points out the "Saluting Base," which consists of H. R. H.'s Field Marshals, and such like.

Having come here to see the colours trooped, I want to know where are the colours. Don't see them,—that is, not what I should call "colours." Military person says, "There! they're going to fetch the colours now." Soldiers march languidly across while Band plays LUTHER'S Hymn, or something like it out of the *Huguenots*. I expect to see several flagstuffs and flags that have braved a hundred years the battle and the breeze. Oh, dear no. "There are the colours," says military friend, pointing. "What those!" I exclaim, seeing only an officer of some sort holding something like a small pocket-handkerchief on the top of a stick. "Yes," answers military friend with pride, "those are the colours." Officer with pocket-handkerchief on stick and body of soldiers march languidly along, as if they had all been out late the night before ("the night before the battle, Mother!") and were very tired. Think they'll all lie down presently and go to sleep. Same idea probably strikes Conductor of the Band, as he gives signal for striking up lively air from *Old Guard*. ARTHUR ROBERTS and Victory! All brisk again. Pipers in National Highland costume might now do a reel. They don't, and all relapse again into solemnity, relieved occasionally by the snatches above-mentioned of the National Anthem. Then some gallant officer, mounted, rides into centre, and shouts something perfectly unintelligible. "That's all wrong," mutters my military neighbour, discontentedly; "there's no such word of command in the British Army." Military man probably right, as whatever the command was, nobody moves, and no one takes any notice of it. Crowd breaks up. Distinguished Warriors ride away slowly. The colours have been "troop'd." *Sic transit gloria* Saturday morning. Monotonous as a spectacle. Next time better entrust the management to Generalissimo AUGUSTUS DRUMOLANUS assisted by HENRI.

G. O. M. to G. Y. M.

"It is all moonshine, Gentlemen."—Mr. Gladstone to Excursionists *a propos* of the Irish policy of "some persons at Birmingham."

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE C.,
 When we were first acquant,
 Your visage smug and shaven
 Filled me with much content.
 But now you've gone exceeding
 wrong,
 Your policy's no go,
 It's moonshine, and it makes me
 mad,
 JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE.

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE C.,
 We used to pull together,
 And some thought you'd suc-
 ceed me, JOE,
 When I had run my tether.
 But now you call me trickster old,
 "Past praying for!" Oh!
 Moonshine! I shall not ask your
 prayers,
 JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE!

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

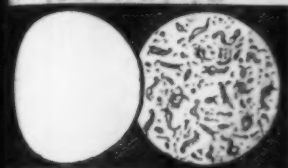
KINAHAN'S "THE GRAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES." **WHISKY.**

THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865. GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

EXSHAW & CO'S FINEST OLD BRANDY. 60s. per doz. in Cases as Imported. J. W. EXSHAW & Co., 55, Regent Street, W.

OLD VINTAGE PORTS. 1861, 1863, 1865, 1868, 1870, 1872, &c. GUARANTEED. S. JOHNSON & SONS, WATERLOO-DEAN, YORK. Est. A.D. 1799.

MAIGNEN'S "FILTRE RAPIDE."



PURE WATER, UNFILTERED WATER. The only Filter which will remove from water all impurities of taste and metallic impurities. Thirty Gold Medals and Diplomas. First Prize in every contest. A better Filter could not be desired. —Lancet.

It filters the water both quickly and well, and was valued by our Soldiers.—General Viscount Wolseley.—(Nile Expedition.) Thousands of Testimonials. Sold by chemists and ironmongers everywhere from half a guinea upwards. Pamphlet free from **MAIGNEN'S "FILTRE RAPIDE" & "ANTI-CALCAIRE" CO., LTD.**

The largest manufacturers of Filters in the World. 22, ST. MARY-AT-HILL, LONDON, E.C.

RANSOMES'



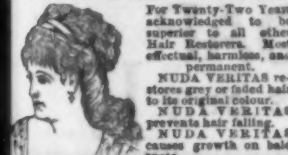
LAWN MOWERS THE BEST in the WORLD. SILVER MEDALS.

International Exhibition, 1885, Liverpool, 1886. In all sizes, to suit every requirement.

"NEW AUTOMATON," "NEW PARI," and NEW BANK CUTTER.

"NEW AUTOMATON" GARDEN ROLLER. All Machines sent on a Month's Free Trial. Garages Paid. Supplied by all Ironmongers. **RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ltd., Ipswich.**

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.



For Twenty-Two Years acknowledged to be superior to all other Hair Restorers. Most effective, harmless, and permanent. **NUDA VERITAS** restores grey or faded hair to its original colour. **NUDA VERITAS** prevents hair falling. **NUDA VERITAS** causes growth on bald spots.

NUDA VERITAS is sold in cases of 10s. 6d. by Chemists, Perfumers, &c., from whom Circulars may be had. London: R. HORTON & SONS, 21 and 23, NEWBURY STREET, W., and 51-53, CITY ROAD, E.C.

PETER F. HEERING'S COPENHAGEN GOLD MEDAL CHERRY BRANDY ESTABL. 1818.

Gold Medal,

Paris, 1878.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

REDFERN, LADIES' TAILOR, GOWNS COATS ULSTERS

"The most noted firm of Ladies' Tailors in the World, and, as it said, the most original."—Vide Press.

COWES, LONDON, EDINBURGH, PARIS, NEW YORK.

CARR'S TAPES.

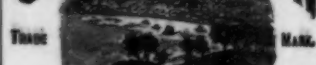


FOR VENETIAN BLINDS.

LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c. For HOTELS, MANSIONS, &c. DINING and INVALID LIFTS.

CLARK, BUNNETT, & CO., Ltd., RATHBONE PLACE, W.

COLOMBO CEYLON TEA.



ABSOLUTELY PURE. Sold by First-class Grocers (only in Lead Packings). For Local Agents, write The Ceylon Tea Agency, TRINCOMALEE CHAMBERS, E.C.



UMBRELLAS.

SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent), which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

ESTABLISHED 1825. **NEAVE'S FOOD** FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED. BEST AND CHEAPEST.

SEVEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

THE CELEBRATED **WOLFF VIOLINS.**



Best modern-made Violins. Grand tone, skilfully finished. Highly recommended by Senior Garsano, Prof. Wilhelm, Sivori, Leonhard, Pollitzer, and many other great artists. Introduced in most of the European Conservatories and Orchestras. List of Testimonials and Prices post free at all Agents throughout the kingdom, and of

W. KONIGSBERG & CO., 1 & 2, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C. Genuine Old Italian Violins, from £10 and upwards.

DECORATE YOUR HOMES!

The beauty of Stained Glass in every house can be enjoyed by using **M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr's Patent**

GLACIER WINDOW DECORATION.

It can be applied to any window by any person without previous experience in the use of the article. Invaluable where there are windows with disfigureable windows.

Write for Illustrated Pamphlet (30 Illustrations) and Sample, post free, One Shilling, from the Manufacturers, **M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR,** Lincolnhall Works, Holborn; or to **FERRY & CO.,** Wholesale Agents, Holborn Viaduct, London.

CORPULENCE.

All persons suffering from this burdensome and dangerous state of the body, and even those developing tendencies thereto, should call to-day if possible, or write at once, for a treatise on the subject, just issued by

Mr. C. B. MARSH, Consulting Medical Electrician. The book

contains **ADVICE HOW,** in a simple, rational and effective manner, without resorting either to drastic medicines, quick prescriptions, poisonous preparations, or starvation diets.

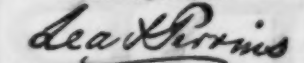
OBESITY IS CURED, and, as a result, will be sent gratis & post-free on application to the **MEDICAL BATTERY CO. Limited,** 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

GOLDEN HAIR.—ROBARE'S AUROLINE produces the beautiful Golden Colour as much desired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World. Agents, R. ROBAR & SONS, 21 and 23, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S BRONCHAL EMULSION. The celebrated effective cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. ROSS & SONS, 10, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET (formerly of 61, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

In consequence of imitations of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE** which are calculated to deceive the Public, **LEA & PERRINS** beg to draw attention to the fact that each bottle of the Original and Genuine **WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE** bears their signature, thus—



Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester, & by all Wholesalers, London, and Export Offices generally. Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR BAGGY KNEES.

JOHN HAMILTON & CO'S PATENT PORTABLE TROUSERS STRETCHER



OF TAILORS, HOSIERS, &c.

Polished Walnut Clamps, Nickel Rod and Fittings 8s. 6d.
Polished Birch Clamps, Iron Rods 4s. 6d.
Plain ditto ditto ditto 3s. 6d.
Plain Birch Clamps, Rods not jointed .. 3s. 6d.

Indispensable to Cricketers and Lawn Tennis Players in preserving Annual Trousers from shrinking after being washed.

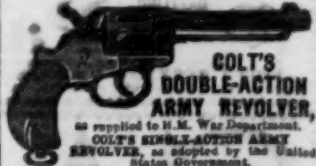
IMPORTANT.—AVOID IMITATIONS, and insist upon **JOHN HAMILTON & CO.'S** PATENT, each of which is stamped with Name and Trade Mark. If any difficulty in obtaining, or other stretchers are suspected to be substituted, send P.O.O. (with 6d. extra for carriage) to the Makers, 7, PRINCE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

TORPID LIVER

POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Heavily Eating. A perfect remedy for Disinfection, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, and Pain in the Side, and Headache. They regulate the bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and most palatable. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Do not expect to take. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Gentle action please all who use them. Established 1860. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 10d. sold by all Chemists, or sent by post. **SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.** Illustrated Pamphlet free. British Depot, 61, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



COLT'S DOUBLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER. As supplied to H.M. War Department. **COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER,** as adopted by the United States Government. **COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL** takes the Colt and Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, 44 cal. **COLT'S DOUBLE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER, and SHOOTER,** for the pocket; best quality only. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world. **COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUNS and LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES,** for land and the Colonies. Price List free. **COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,** 14, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Dr. Ridge's Food

The GOLD MEDAL
of the
International Health
Exhibition, London,
has been awarded for
this Food;
and it is recommended
by the LANCET
and the
entire Medical Press.

For INFANTS.

BENGER'S FOOD

CHILDREN, and INVALIDS.

EXTRACT from PRIVATE
LETTERS.—"The Infant was very
delicate. Our medical advice
ordered your Food. The result in
a short time was wonderful; the
little fellow grew strong and he
is now in a thriving condition."
—in fact, the flower of the race.
BENGER'S FOOD is sold in the
1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.
Chemists &c. everywhere, or by
Parcels Post (Postage Free) from
MOTTENHEAD & CO.
(in Pains & F. R. Brown),
7, Exchange St., MANCHESTER.

**NEW
SUMMER DRESSES,**
STRAIGHT FROM THE WEAVER
TO THE WEARER,
fresh from the
**DARLINGTON
LOOMS,**
AT LOOM PRICES.

All in the latest Fashion, and woven in
Pure Wool; also the celebrated
DARLINGTON CROSS-WARP SERGES
AND
GOLD MEDAL MERINOES & CASHMERES.

Renowned for their Beautiful Appearance and Hard-
Wearing Qualities. These splendid goods are Sold
Direct to the Public without the intervention of
Wholesale Merchants, Drapers, Agents, or Middle-
men, all intermediate profits being given to the
purchaser. Probably no House in the Trade is showing
such a wonderful variety of PLAIN and FANCY
ZEPHYRS. There are also WASHING PRINTS,
FANCY MUSLINS, SWISS EMBROIDERED COS-
TUMES, TENNIS and BOATING COSTUMES for
both Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear.

ANY LENGTH CUT, no matter how short—
and any article not approved will be
changed within seven days. All Parcels de-
livered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in Great
Britain or Ireland. Either Letter, Post Card, or a Six-
penny Telegram will bring the Box of Patterns by next
Post, and all orders executed same day as received.

HENRY PEASE & CO'S SUCCESSORS,
Spinners and Manufacturers, THE MILLS, DARLINGTON. (Established 1785)

Allen & Hanburys'
A Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/10 & 3/4.

USED by HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.
Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.

**Needham's
Polishing
Paste**
Dazzling
Mirror
Finish.

INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.
London Office: ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, BARTCHEAF, E.C.

MRS GEORGINA WELDON
WRITES;
"24 MAY 1887"



"I am

"50"
"to-day"

"but, thanks to
PEARS' SOAP
"My COMPLEXION is only 17."

CADBURY'S

GUARANTEED PURE. **COCOA** (Regd.) GUARANTEED SOLUBLE.